

DES
AND
RAMBLES
of



STATEN
ISLAND

By REAU CAMPBELL



RIDES AND RAMBLES

ON

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By REAU CAMPBELL

EDITOR OF "A POINTER," AND

AUTHOR OF "WINTER CITIES IN A SUMMER LAND;" "RAMBLES FOR SUMMER
DAYS;" "54;" "THE CORNER OF THE CONTINENT;" "VI AND JACK;"
"HOOK AND I;" "CUBA IN EASY LESSONS;" "PALM LEAVES OF
FLORIDA, A TRIP FROM PASSADUMKEAG TO OKEECHOBEE;"
"STATEROOM 33; THE MYSTERY OF TWO KEYS;"
"SISTERS OR SWEETHEARTS;" "AROUND
THE CORNER TO CUBA;" ETC., ETC.

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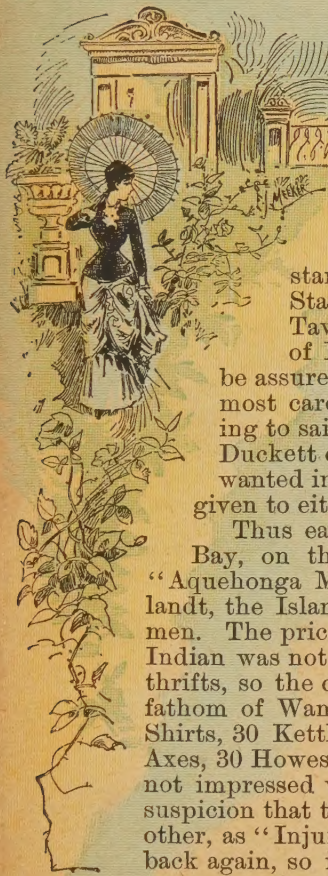
STATEN ISLAND RAPID TRANSIT RAILROAD.

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RIDES AND RAMBLES ON STATEN ISLAND.



ONE hundred and thirty-three years ago the *New York Post Boy*, of November 10th, contained the following advertisement :

“Publick Notice is hereby given to all, Gentlemen Travellers, that Martin Duckett has rented the noted ferry house on Statten Island, lately kept by John Watson, where he intends to keep the Best Entertainment for man and Horse, with three good boats constantly attending said ferry to and from New York and Statten Island, in company with Scotch Johnny of said city, Tavern Keeper ; as also a commodious Stable with all kinds of Provinder for horses where all Gentlemen Travellers may be assured of best entertainment for themselves and horse with the most carefull and expeditious passages across the Bay, by applying to said Scotch Johnny, near White Hall Ferry stairs, or said Duckett on Statten Island aforesaid ; and in case a boat shoud be wanted in any emergency there shall be one in readiness on notice given to either of the Persons above mentioned.”

Thus early there were attractions on the pretty Island down the Bay, on the island that the Indians called “Eghquahonse” or “Aquehonga Manacknong,” and which the Dutch named Staaten Eylandt, the Island of the States, after they had bought it from the red men. The price paid could hardly be called an exorbitant one, but the Indian was not a grasping land owner, and the early Dutch no spend-thrifts, so the consideration as finally agreed on was “Foure hundred fathom of Wampum, 30 Match Boots, 8 Coates of Durens made up, 30 Shirts, 30 Kettles, 20 Gunnes, a Firken of Powder, 60 Barres Lead, 30 Axes, 30 Howes and 50 Knives.” The Dutch purchasers were themselves not impressed with the munificence of the price, and labored under the suspicion that the noble Red might change his mind for some reason or other, as “Injun givers” sometimes did, and come and take the Island back again, so it was stipulated that the Indians should come into court every once in a while and put “his mark” on the bill of sale. But this transfer was final, and no trouble arose from previous mortgages involving other shirts, kettles, gunnes, match boots, etc.

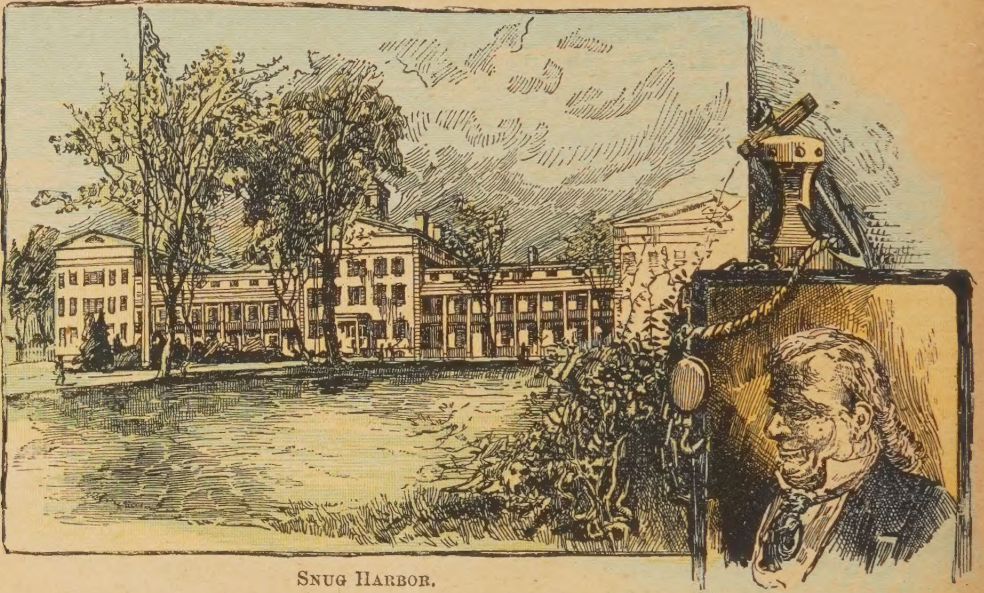
But this is ancient history, where there are recorded also shipwrecks on Robbins Reef of numerous ferry-boats with more or less loss of life, down to the days of Cornelius Van Der Bilt and his schooner “Dread,” plying between the Island and New York, fare eighteen cents, down to the early steamboats.

“Scotch Johnny” does not keep tavern near White Hall Ferry Stairs now, and Martin Duckett has crossed over Sharon’s ferry, but at White Hall Ferry Stairs there are still some ferry-boats “constantly attending said ferry,” whereby “All Gentlemen Travellers” and “ladyes” too, with their horses may find “the most carefull and expeditious passages across the bay,” to an Island with indenting bays, and clear running streams, where high hills lift up their wooded crests, with shaded vales in

Kiralfys found the only place where there was room enough to materialize their great spectacular ideas, and here they put a thousand dancing girls to dance before scenery that was no whit smaller than what it represented, as it looked, across the lawn.

The street up the hill from the ferry leads to a pretty suburban district where the modest cottage and the Queen Anne village stand side by side, on either side a smooth drive-way, well kept lawns brightened with pretty flower-beds are everywhere, and luxuriant shade-trees cast their grateful shadows on gallery and piazza, and do business as hammock posts, where many a fair islander lolls lazily the summer hours away.

The view from these hills is superb. Looking north the city is in the background, the glorious Bay in the fore, to the left the shores of Jersey, on the right



SNUG HARBOR.

Long Island, with green trees and grass from Bay Ridge to Fort Hamilton, and in the southeast the sands of Coney Island are outlined. Beyond it the mighty ocean rolls.

A walk up and down these shady lanes is a pleasant one and never tiresome, but when wearied feet protest there's the Rapid Transit road with frequent trains running from station to station, where one may ride for a street-car fare. Or, if you prefer a carriage, or a buggy with just room for two, it may be obtained at the ferry. Just outside the gates is a little booth with telephone to the stables, the message sent, and the rig is on hand by the time you can refresh the inner man at some adjoining restaurant or garden.

The drives of Staten Island are along the shore, on the hills overlooking the bay, or through the woods into the interior. The hard macadamized roads are wide and smooth, and the wheels will run easily and almost noiselessly. The road from St. George, leading west to Erastina and beyond, passes through one village and enters another, a never ending continuity of pretty yards and lawns, and cozy cottages, and eastward to Fort Wadsworth and the South Beach at Arrochar, with widespreading

views of the sea, or glimpses of the bay and the Kills peeping through the trees. The cities up the bay, on Long Island and in Jersey in the distance, all the forts and harbor defenses are in the picture. Driving into the interior, there are fine farms, and the country seats of prominent New Yorkers. The road through the woods finds many a quiet nook, pretty lake, or noisy brook of clear water. Wild violets and water lilies make blue carpets, or white dot the quiet waters—there is such a variety of scene in these drives on Staten Island that the comparison grows odious to all the others around the cities of the bay.

Which way to drive ?

Any way. There are so many roads that lead to so many charming places that no directions are necessary. Get in the buggy and give your horse the rein, he will take you somewhere, and you'll be glad you came.

NEW BRIGHTON

is a summer resort of many years, and was, long before the iron-horse commenced galloping along the water-front and New Yorkers flocked to the big hotels at New Brighton—first, because it was near the city and the most convenient for them ; they could attend to their business and go to their summer home at night and without fatigue of travel, the few minutes sail brought cooling sea

breezes instead of dust and cinders, incident to an “all-rail route.”

New Brighton is on the brow of a green-sodded terrace at the entrance of the Kill von Kull, with a fine view of the bay and harbor, extending from Bergen Point, up around through Jersey City, New York, Brooklyn, down by Bay Ridge and Fort Hamilton to Coney Island and the sea. The terrace is shaded by large trees, under which winds the island road or village street, with stone sidewalks on either side.

The hotels are ample buildings, with rooms for hundreds of guests—wide galleries, supported by huge fluted columns, the architecture of the old style that gives attention to breathing room more than economy of space ; the ceilings are high and the windows reach from there to the floor ; wide corridors run through the house from the four sides, crossing in the centre. Opening into this the airy chambers are finely ventilated. Some antique furniture and doors of solid mahogany are seen in these hotels, showing what the nabobs of other days demanded in their summer hotels. With all this old-time surrounding the modern conveniences are there also, and elevators are put in to save the carpets on the stairs, and grandfather's clocks that did not stop when the old man died keep time at the turn of the stairs as well as they ever did.

The pretty little station of the Rapid Transit road is on Richmond Terrace, the main street of the village, within a minute's walk of the hotels and boarding places, and the twenty-minute trains bring the place conveniently near the city. The pretty residences on shaded streets extend along the water-front and back over the hills,



making an ideal summer town—where a season may be passed quietly and restfully and yet it is within easy business call.

SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR

is down the road a mile from New Brighton—the snuggest of snug harbors, where the weather beaten and battered “old salt,” who has sailed five years before the mast in any service under the American flag, may find a home without money and without price, where he need take no thought of the morrow as to what he shall eat or what he shall drink, or where withal shall he be clothed—as any disablement in the service entitles him to a bed, three meals a day, and a blue uniform with gilt buttons.

The institution is supported by a private endowment, and is no expense to the state or national government. In the year one of this century, Robert Richard Randall, of most happy memory, concluded to make his will, and acting on the advice of Alexander Hamilton, gave the Randall farm on Manhattan Island to be held in trust for a seaman's home, the income to go to its support, and appointed as trustees the Chancellor of the State of New York, the Mayor and Recorder of the City of New York, the President and Vice-President of the Marine Society, the President of the Chamber of Commerce, the senior Ministers of the Presbyterian and Episcopal churches, who have charge of the fund and full direction of the Harbor.

Mr. Randall inherited the farm from his father, who acquired his fortune in honest privateering during the war for Independence, and the bequest was well and appropriately chosen, that the fortune might go to the descendants of the men who helped to make it.

The Randall farm was in the very centre of what is now New York City, the front fence, a pale fence, crossed Broadway just below the Sinclair House, extended over to Fourth avenue, along Waverly place to Fifth avenue, and was bounded on the north by the lands of the Brevoorts, and contained some twenty-one acres, more or less, and contained the site of the great A. T. Stewart stores, which is still the property of Snug Harbor, the ground being leased to Mr. Stewart by the trustees in 1869, and pays \$36,000 annually to the Harbor as ground rent. This lease expires in 1890. Other property pays equally well, so that the income for the benefit of disabled seamen has increased from \$4,243 in 1806, to the handsome sum of \$325,092 in 1887. The number of beneficiaries has increased from thirty-three in 1806 to over a thousand in 1887.

The handsome white buildings with porticos, supported by massive columns, can be seen from the cars, in the midst of a well-kept lawn, shaded by a grove of elms, under which the blue-coated veterans of sea stroll or sit on benches with no compulsory occupation, and only at work smoking the pipe of peace, or respinning the yarns of the forecastle—a sailor knows no chestnuts, and a story is new each time it's told.

The sailor has all his wants supplied, even to tobacco. Grog alone is interdicted; he must “go ashore” for that. These men, though not compelled to work, do not finish their lives in idleness; some are employed as guides to the grounds, and to do other duties about the buildings; others work on the farm if they like, or they make baskets, hammocks and miniature ships. If an old sailor chafes and wearies of the quiet life at the Harbor, he has simply to notify the superintendent and walk out the gate, to come back when he chooses. He may spend a day, a week, or a month with friends or relations, or he may go to sea and be gone for years, to come back with new yarns to tell, yarns that reach from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand, and it's worth any summer's day to visit the Harbor, sit under the trees, and hear them spun.

“LIVINGSTON

Next stop!” is what the trainman's yell may be translated to, after leaving Snug Harbor on a west-bound train, and the train halts at a station that looks more like a

summer cottage, located in a grove of trees with pretty beds of flowers in the yard. Livingston is the station for the Staten Island Cricket Club, whose fine grounds are within a few minutes' walk of the cars, where that interesting game is played between the crack clubs of this country and Canada.

Hart Park is a suburb of Livingston, where many new dwellings, both for summer and winter occupation, are being built on one of the prettiest sites on the island.

Two minutes more to the westward is West Brighton, a characteristic Staten Island village of comfortable homes, green lawns and flowers. Then after three minutes the train rolls up to

PORT RICHMOND,

noted historically as the place where Aaron Burr died, at the Continental, now the St. James Hotel, a home-like place. Down the shore road are some pleasant walks with much to interest. The water-front is occupied by all kinds and classes of craft, sailing ships and steamers, which may be seen from a seat on the right-hand side of the cars; on the other side of the Kill are the hotels and residences of Bergen Point, a favorite resort of many New Yorkers—and the view widens out directly to Newark Bay. The long bridge of Jersey Central crosses it, and back of it are the spires of Newark.

There is a stage line connection from Port Richmond to Linoleumville, where there are large manufactories of linoleum and oilcloths.

Elm Park and Tower Hill are resorts of picnickers and the places for scheutzen-fests where Dutch meet Dutch and there is a flow of beer. Arlington, below

ERASTINA,

is the present terminus of the Staten Island Rapid Transit Railroad, on the north shore, and in the park is the place of Buffalo Bill's famous Wild West exhibitions, where some years ago he made his first great metropolitan success. The ample grounds were big enough for the maneuvers of the scouts and the prowling of the red skins, the drive of the Deadwood coach, the buffaloes and wild steers for lassoing, bucking horses and the flight of the pony express. In the splendid grove of forest trees the wigwam and the hunter's hut were neighbors in a realistic picture, and nowhere, except at Erastina or the plains of the wild west, could such a picture be seen.

After two years Buffalo Bill came back again, with cowboy, Indian, steer, buffalo and bucking horse, Deadwood coach and all, to amuse old friends and new ones. Among the new, some came from Fifth avenue, and as far away as Boston, to shake the hand that shook Wales's, don-cher-know, and to ride in the old Deadwood, where the Princesses rode. It was quite "good form" to go to see the Wild West then, because 'twas English, quite English, you know, and Buffalo Bill took in some shekels that he could never have hoped for if he had not shaken hands with the Prince of Wales or shot before the Queen.

Just below Erastina there is an extension of the track to the shores of the Arthur Kill, where the bridge has been built that will bring the trains of the great Baltimore and Ohio to the waters of New York bay on their own tracks and to build a great city on the Island of the States.

One never knows how great a crowd is on a ferry-boat till they gather at the gates preparatory to making a landing, especially so on the mammoth double deckers of the Rapid Transit Company's ferry between New York and Staten Island, which have the greatest carrying capacity; and when the excursionists and residents swarm off at St. George this fact is apparent. At the gate sonorous voices tell the people to "take the train on the right for New Brighton, Snug Harbor, Livingston, West Brighton, Port Richmond, Tower Hill, Elm Park and Erastina." Another

singer-out says with equal melody, "Train on the left for Tompkinsville, Stapleton, Clifton, Rosebank, Fort Wadsworth, Arrochar, and all points on

THE EAST SHORE."

This is a rapid transit company in deed as well as name. When the passengers have left the boat and are seated in the cars, the train moves off without delay. The tracks are double, and there is no waiting for incoming trains. The stations are enclosed and have elevated platforms to the floor level of the coaches. Passengers pass through the gates, drop their tickets in the "chopper-box," after the manner of

the "L" roads in the city, and the five-cent fare is all that is demanded between Erastina and Arrochar; a ten-cent ticket must be bought; it bears a rebate coupon on which five cents is refunded at the end of the journey. Trains run rapidly, and stations are many



A RAMBLE.

and short between. One is hardly passed before another is announced. This seems a vast improvement on the old way of the ferryboats making all the landings, which was slow and tedious. And, with all these advantages, the fare is only ten cents from New York, boat and rail, to any station between Erastina and Arrochar.

The train runs on express time, and the tunnel just east of St. George is but a wink, the darkness comes and goes so quickly. After the tunnel, comes

TOMPKINSVILLE,

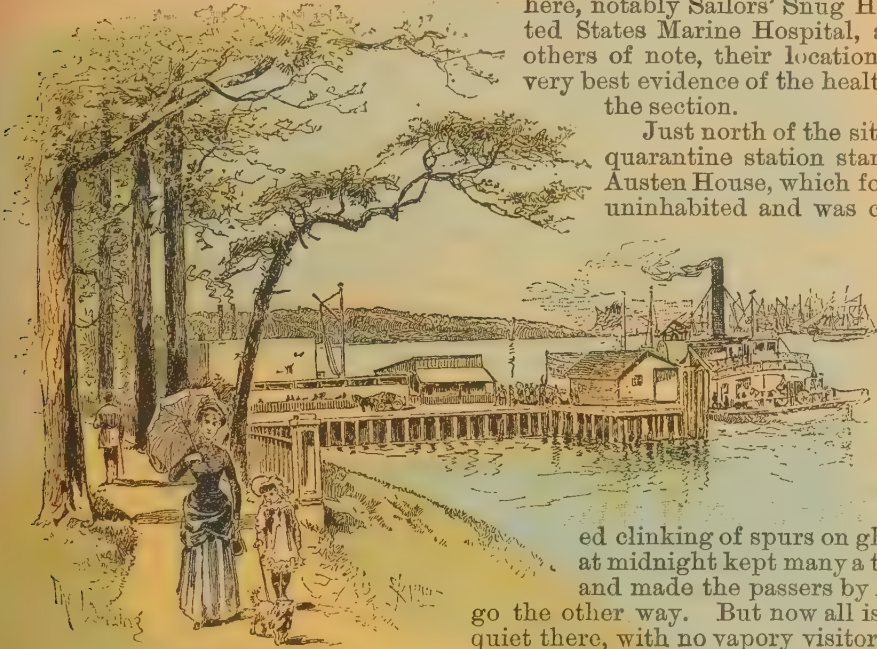
named for old Governor Tompkins—a place of growing commercial importance. The large storage houses of the American Docks are located on the water-front. The New York Canoe club-house is here, and for those who admire the artistic models of tiny craft, a visit to Tompkinsville will prove interesting. Until thirty years ago the Quarantine Buildings were located near Tompkinsville, as if the people of New

York were looking out for themselves and without regard to the health of the Islanders. After one or two epidemics, thirty years ago, the people began to tire of it. They appealed to the Legislature ; but the process of law was ever slow, and after another scourge the people took the matter into their own hands and burned the buildings. It was an expensive fire, as the county had to pay for it ; but the people, doubtless, thought it was cheaper than doctors' bills, to say nothing of funeral expenses, so their wrath was kindled as also the fire. Afterward the quarantine station was removed down the bay to Hoffman and Dix Islands, and Staten Island regained her health to such an extent that its high hills and bracing air attracted the attention of philanthropists, who, with charitable intent, built their institutions here, notably Sailors' Snug Harbor, United States Marine Hospital, and several others of note, their location being the very best evidence of the healthfulness of the section.

Just north of the site of the old quarantine station stands the old Austen House, which for years was uninhabited and was called "the

haunted house," because a King George soldier killed himself for an unrequited love, and the alleg-

ed clinking of spurs on ghostly heels at midnight kept many a tenant away and made the passers by hurry on or go the other way. But now all is peace and quiet there, with no vapory visitors.



AT ERASTINA.

STAPLETON

is the next stop—another commercial city by the sea. The capital city of this province of King Gambrinus' realm is Stapleton, the site of some of Staten Island's most famous breweries, established here on account of the purity of the water which comes in clear running streams from the hillside. The Teuton who could not be happy here, is no Teuton, or is untrue to his lineage. There are some schooners at Stapleton that are not used for the conveyance of the beverage of the town. Those of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club are anchored near the shore, and the sloops and cutters have their homes here in winter. A street-car line leads out from Stapleton to Concord, and the Clove Road. Up the hill to the right from the station is a pretty street, with cozy homes surrounded with flowers and many shade trees ; leading off from this are other streets and lanes with crooks and turns on the hillside.

CLIFTON

is the junction of the road down the South shore with the line to Arrochar. The

little town is noted historically as a place of business of the great Garibaldi. He had a manufactory at Clifton, not of swords, or guns, or cannon, for his wars in Italy. He didn't make any of these—he made beer. The citizen of to-day points with pride to the brewery established by the famous general and his partner Meucci, who were in 1851 among the first citizens of the place. The main line of the Staten Island Rapid Transit R. R. takes a turn to the southward, while the South Beach branch runs directly east, passing through a rolling country where there are some fine old places, and makes the first stop at Rosebank, a growing place of suburban residences; a pretty village with a pretty name.

FORT WADSWORTH

is a more formidable name than Rosebank, but in these piping times of peace the Fort is a good place to go to for a summer's jaunt, on wheels, by horse, or on foot. The rail-

way station is a very picturesque villa-like building, with a tower and some gables, from whence it is five minutes walk to the fort and the sea, taking the street leading



east from the station to New York Avenue, where turn to the right and come to the gate of the government grounds. Passing along in front of the officers' quarters, a row of comfortable houses with the Commandant's elegant one on the bluff overlooking the sea; then come to the grassy parapets. There is a smooth pathway all along the top. The view is magnificent. A hundred feet below is the granite lower fort, bristling with a hundred cannon. Across the Narrows are Forts Lafayette and Hamilton; the former down on the water's edge, the other on the rising ground above it. To the left and northeast, is Bay Ridge, and beyond, the great cities. To the right and southeast, Coney Island and Rockaway, and beyond, the boundless sea. A little west of south the sands of Sandy Hook are discoverable, with Highlands of Jersey in the background. In the middle foreground are the Quarantine stations, banished by the Islanders in 1858 to Dix and Hoffman's islands.

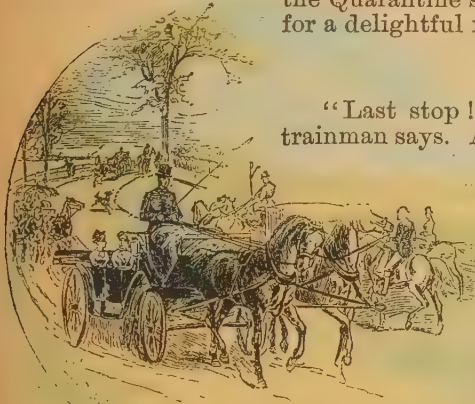
These parapets do not look as made for war, but for lovers' uses. It is a veritable lover's walk. The gentle sloping requires a slow walk, and there is time to say many pretty words before the end is reached; and the green grass is an inviting resting place, where one may sit and watch the ships come and go, see them coming down the bay, pass through the narrows and for miles out to sea, till their black bodies

drop out of sight, the tall masts slip from view and leave nothing but a little cloud of smoke on the eastern sky. Here is the best place on shore to see yacht races. The nautical panorama on such an occasion, as seen from Fort Wadsworth, is a grand picture. Opposite the Fort is the narrowest part of the Narrows. Here it was that the British, under Gen. Howe, crossed over to Long Island advancing on New York—and in winter, it is in history that solid ice has reached from shore to shore and men and teams passed over. The music from Fort Hamilton comes floating on the summer air across the Narrows—this is how narrow the Narrows are, so one may enjoy the resorts over there and avoid the crowd; aye, and one may see the Elephant on Coney Island too, without going there.

All incoming ships must stop in front of Fort Wadsworth. A little red flag on shore marks the line where they must slow up—a little tug steams out from under the bluff, she carries a yellow flag; it is "the doctor's boat"—if the ship is all right, she gets a clean bill of health and may proceed up the bay, otherwise she must go to the Quarantine station. Fort Wadsworth offers everything for a delightful ramble on a summer's day.

ARROCHAR.

"Last stop! All out for Arrochar!" That's what the trainman says. Arrochar and South Beach are synonymous as far as the railroad track is concerned. South Beach is a long stretch of sand where there is good bathing, boating and fishing. Whatever Arrochar may mean literally, actually it is a place of pretty homes, a park of paradises where ends the track of the East Shore division of the Staten Island Rapid Transit R. R. The station is in the centre of a beautiful park, where winding roads and streets lead to the prettiest and cosiest homes to be found anywhere, end-



ing on the bluffs of the Narrows or on the sands of South Beach. After a walk or drive through the park, take the road leading past the front of the station to the east or left hand, as you leave the station, and after a short walk come to a quaint old ruin on the left of the road. This was once the residence of Mr. Aspinwall, the great shipowner, and he might stand in his own door and see his ships come in—see them ten leagues away, coming to bring him fortune while he lingered here in luxury to wait for them. This old tower was his home, and if anywhere else but in America, might have been but the tower of some grand old castle long since a ruin, passed away, with only the tower left; and if in a foreign land would have hundreds of American visitors; but in this country of new things, is left solitary and alone in its glory of crumbling walls, climbing ivy and rickety stairs. The Aspinwall tower stands on an eminence a hundred and fifty feet higher than the sea level; the view from the lawn is superb, and from the top of the tower grand, grand in all that word implies. The main tower is octagonal in shape and is three stories high, and has on its eastern wall a smaller tower extending to an observatory twenty feet higher than the main building. In here is a winding stairs by which the upper floors were reached; since the castle was burned, these stairs have been replaced by some rustic steps, which go up to the second story on the outside, and then inside to the top where there are seats to rest after the climb. Some vines almost cover the south wall, to add to the picture—a picture quaintly pretty and worthy of an artist's brush.

This tower was used as an art gallery; the pictures were hung on the octagonal

walls and lighted from the skylight above ; the upper room was for engravings, the lower floors for paintings and statuary. The main house and living rooms stood to the east of the tower ; were burned many years ago during a dinner party. Not a vestige of the house remains—only the old tower is there, a relic of departed glory.

A florist's sign on the street leading up from the station will show the way to this most interesting spot on the Island. Enter by the stile over the wall and pass along the hedge to the greenhouses, and past them, up the hill to the tower.

There are two ways to make this ramble and see it all : keep the train to Arrochar, walk up to the castle, then down to, and back through the Fort, to Fort Wadsworth station ; or get off at that station, and walk along the parapets and past the tower to Arrochar. If you tire by the way, there are places for refreshment, places left as a legacy by the early Dutch settlers for wearied ramblers. From Arrochar, down to the right from the station, is the

SOUTH BEACH.

In 1676, Jasper Dankers and Peter Sluyter wandered along the South Beach to Oude Dorp and Nieuwe Dorp, and to the bluffs of Fort Wadsworth, wrote an account of their tramps that made interesting reading. And nearly two hundred years later Thoreau told of the "wild dogs" that barked at him as he tramped along this same shore, and found something to interest him and to write about. There



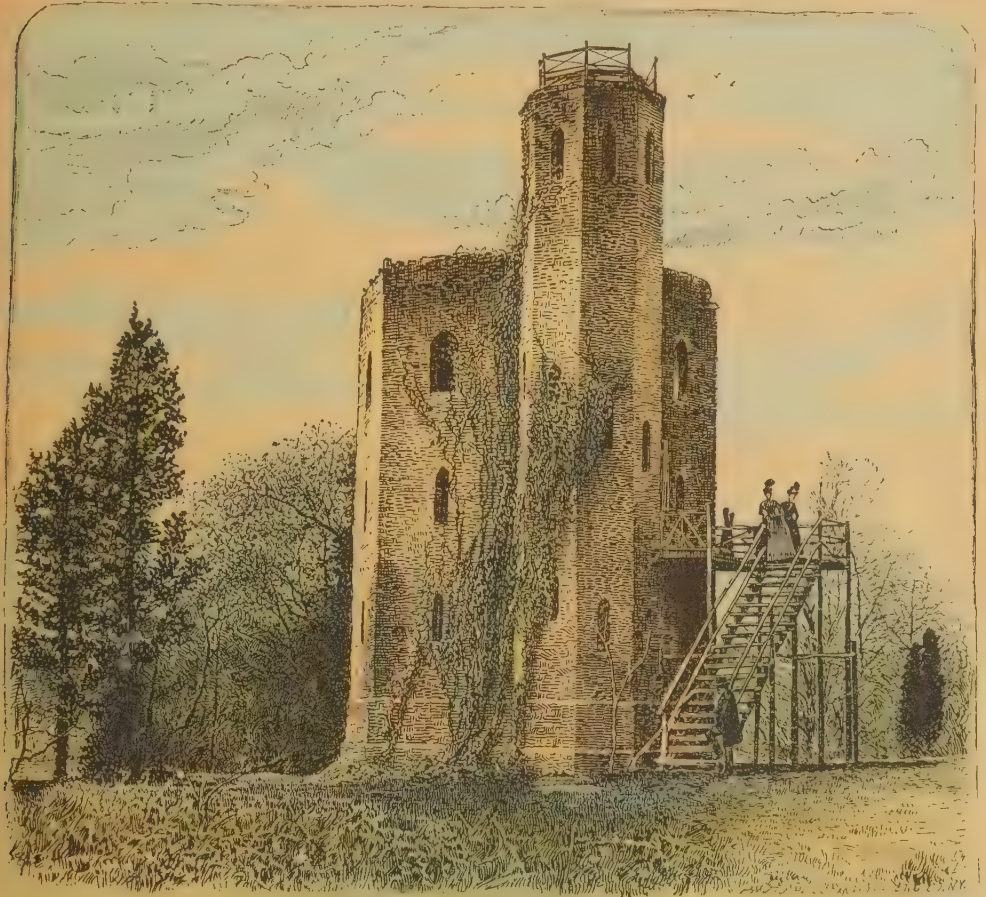
are shells on the South Shore, jingle shells, boat shells and the shell of Pandora. There are other things besides shells cast up by the waves. An old blind man comes here to gather wood, which he feels for with a stick ; a hermit came some years ago and built a hut of driftwood, took the living that the world owed him from the sea, in the fish that he caught and the birds that he shot—and if he was not particular as to size and shapes, he could find shoes on the sands, and for household utensils, brooms, chairs, coffee pots, rat traps, tables, bottles (corks drawn by the fishermen long ago), and even beds come in on the waves—and the sea—"it pays the freight." Wreckage of all sorts floats in, everything that will float has been found, everything from a straw-bed to a bustle—the latter doubtless a cast-off appendage of some mermaid belle, or perhaps not the style with the ladies of the sea, sent back with the legend "didn't suit" or was "a mile too big."

Across the Raritan Bay can be seen the Jersey towns on the highlands, and sands of Sandy Hook with the light-ship floating restlessly outside. The bell buoy nearer the shore rings an incessant knell of passing swells that break in on the sandy beach for bathers' purposes.

THE SOUTH SHORE

is reached by the railroad leading south from Clifton, and after leaving that station the scene is more of inland, with an occasional glimpse of the sea from the windows

on the left-hand side of the cars. At Garretsons and Grassmere the meadow lands stretch out to the shore on the south side, and wooded hills rise up on the other, making some charming landscapes, with hill, valley, plain and seashore features. The train passes altogether too quickly, and it is advised to stop wherever the fancy impresses, and walk or ride through the shady lanes and fertile farms. Grant City



THE OLD TOWER, ARROCHAR.

is the next stop. After leaving the station, a look from the right-hand side will show the old Moravian Church and cemetery with the Vanderbilt Mausoleum on the hill-side above it. The white building in the graveyard is the new church, the old one is to the right and just in the rear of the new church within the cemetery grounds. On the opposite side of the road from the cemetery gate is an old stone house in a grove of trees, which looks older than any of the old houses on the island, and which is often taken for the old Moravian Church, but it is only a farm house.

NEW DORP

is the place to stop to see these interesting relics. A short walk northward from

the station brings to the main road. Turn to the right and come to the cemetery; it is a beautiful one and very interesting; the old tombs and the new are side by side, telling the story of the people of four and five generations of those that lived and died here.

The progress of tomb building is marked in those of the Vanderbilt family. Near the new church and just back of it, lying on the grass is a small brown slab about two feet long and nearly as wide, on which these words are graven: "In memory of Neiltge, Widow of Jacob Vanderbilt, Born Feb. 10, 1698. Decd. Dec. 9th, 1770. Aged 72 years, 9 months and 29 days." And near this stone old Jacob lies. Under the trees a little further on is a tomb of more pretensions. This also belongs to the family, and has the single word Vanderbilt. In this granite vault lies the body of Cornelius Vanderbilt, the architect of the greatest American fortune; beside him are the remains of his wives, one the mother of the family of which Wm. II. was the head, and up on the hillside is the great mausoleum where he is buried.

A curious little monument is that surmounted by a ship's bell, done in white marble, erected to the memory of Isaac Kip Dustan, who lost his life in the discharge of his duty as captain of the ill-fated steamer "Atlantic," wrecked off Fisher's Island during the memorable gale of the 28th of November, 1846. Hours might be spent in this beautiful city of the dead, but there are more cheerful scenes to visit.

In coming up from the station a turn to the left will take the Rambler past a pretty house back in an orchard on the right hand of the road, where once stood the inn of the Rose and Crown, burned some years ago, and at the forks of the road is the Black Horse Tavern, which was a famous resort in the olden time of King George's redcoats, and many's the tale of their carousals and frolics. The old house has been remodeled to a very pretty road resort and is still the "Black Horse," where there is to be obtained "the best entertainment for man and beast." The old weather-beaten sign, but with a new post, still swings and creaks in the forks of the roads, where it hung more than a hundred years ago, to direct the traveler's mind to the good cheer within. A genial man presides at the "Black Horse" now,—a host with a cheery smile and words of kindly welcome, and since I've heard him talk I believe an English soldier would hardly find the Black Horse a healthy tavern, especially if he was enemy to America. However, this is not a war article, and all comers are welcomed at the old tavern. After refreshment a short stroll down the shady lane brings you back to the station where a ten-cent fare and a hack will take you to



CEDAR GROVE BEACH

and Peteler's Hotel. Here a pleasant surprise awaits the Staten Island Rambler. It is not another old house with a history, though there are plenty of them all around, but a bright, fresh seaside resort, an airy hotel building, with wide galleries facing the sea and a grove of cedars growing so near the water that they cast their shadows across the surf. Coming down the road with a fast hacking team the ride is a pleasant one, through a lane with pretty houses, and fields and groves on either side.—passes

the old Vanderbilt homestead, turns the corner and into the park of the hotel—beautiful grounds, with little lakes and rustic bridges across the straits between, and comes up to the veranda, everything to im-first-class resort. the beach in front some curious and the old Rhenish berg and Stolzen- and pebbles. This chitecture forms the bowling-alleys leries.

the verandas and right out to sea struct it, and flag-staff at Fort mouth of the Rariland, Sandy Hook all in.

room is a feature this most unique off the ladies' par-through the open rich coloring of by the stained which is support-Pompeiiian col-a fountain; the tiled floor colors, and around the panelty pictures, are some tables and signs, the tables with onyx slabs leather. On each side of a grotto by a noted artist, and at each corner statuary. But for the sounds of hilarity tant that some Pompeiiian belle would must adjoin this hall—but she don't puts any life to the picture, and brings

COURT

is a country station pure and simple, a habitants of Staten Island must come squabbles. Stages run during courtmond, the county capital. It was here Queen's Rangers, was quartered during the rebel population, as they were legend. Miss Britton was the grandfather's cider and was in- burly Hessian. The red-hot poker was her weapon which she used with effect. The Hessian knew the game and he passed out.

Near by are the headwaters of the Fresh Kills, of clear running water, with many a noisy cascade in the brooks, and rills that are round about, and the ruins of an old

SIGN OF THE
BLACK HORSE.

where there is press the idea of a Statuary adorns of the hotel, and correct models of castles of Heidel- fels, made of shells same castle-like ar- the entrances to and shooting-gal-

The view from windows looks with naught to ob- stretches from the Wadsworth to the tan, with Coney Is- and the Highlands

A Pompeiiian of the interior of resort. It is just lor; a glance door shows the the walls, softened glass of the dome, ed by some truly umns surrounding

is of marble of appropriate ed walls, decorated with pret- chairs of ebony, in antique de- and the chairs upholstered in are two Neapolitan views, painted and doorway there is an adornment of without one might sit here half expect- step from a doorway of her chamber that come; it's only the American girl that you back from Pompeii to Peteler's.

HOUSE

station in the woods, but here all the in- to court—I mean to settle their legal week anyhow to the old town of Rich- that Simcoe's Tory Regiment, the the Revolution and made it pleasant for termed. Richmond is not without its

heroine. She was mulling her interrupted by the entrance of a

mill whose wheel has been idle these many years. Here the artist may bring his sketch book. There are old roads and stone walls and hedges, "quiet nooks" and "pleasing bits," with a forest of old trees where there are wild flowers in profusion.

GIFFORD'S

is a place where men get off with huge baskets and trudge down the road to the Great Kills. They are amateur fishermen bound for those famous fishing haunts.



THE BILLOFF HOUSE, TOTTEVILLE.

Their baskets are loaded at the going out, and the men may be at the coming back, and if their baskets are not, it will not be the fault of the fish in the water at the Great Kills—there are millions in it. Why the baskets must be filled in the city is a question, as refreshments, solid and otherwise, may be had on the beach. At the Kills, near the water, an old frame house is shown which was the place of another of Garibaldi's enterprises; it was his candle factory that was located here. Eltingville is the next station, and then the

WOODS OF ARDEN,

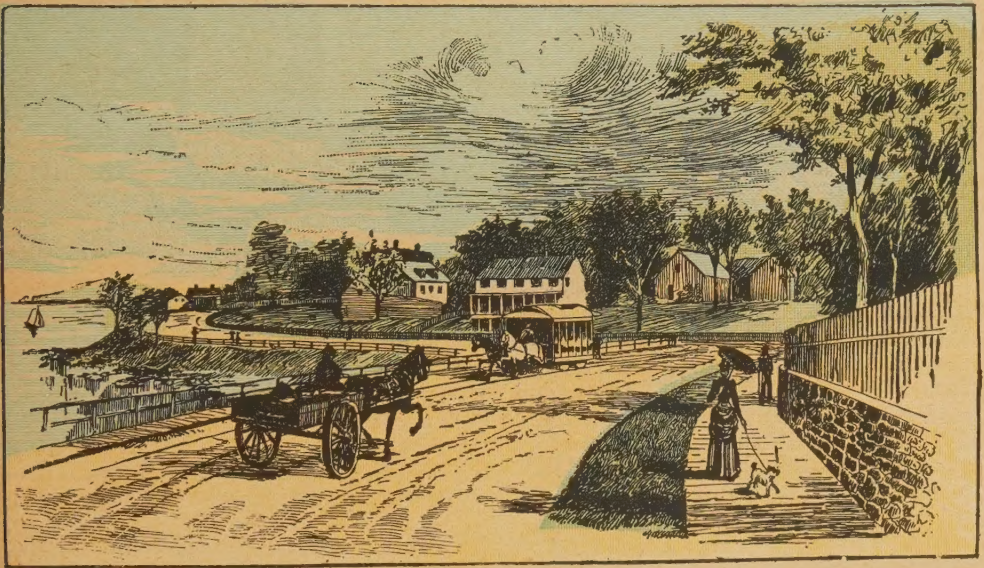
a forest of big trees that extends down to the seashore, a grand picnic ground embracing woodland and beach; a favorite place for Sunday school excursions and the better class of picnickers. There is abundant shade, and cooling breezes blowing straight from the sea leave nothing to be desired in such a resort. The old farm-house of the tract is called the Arden Inn, where there is food and shelter if the baskets are inadequate or it rains, though there are ample buildings for all picnic purposes. Annadale and Huguenot are pretty country places where all the comforts of country life may be enjoyed, and with never a thought of the busy city that is less than an hour away.

PRINCE'S BAY

is another noted place for fishermen. It is a mile from the station to the beach, with good sidewalks on the roadside, or if it is preferred to ride, there are conveyances to be had. There are some pretty homes at Prince's Bay, and the building is going on

as if to show the contrast between the new Queen Anne of to-day and the heavy pilared portico of earlier times. There are samples of both here, and the architecture of the place goes farther back than that—back a century at least. Pass the cottages next the station, see the fine old house of before the war, on the right in the grove of trees—a grand old place. Then, on the left of the road, is an unpretending cottage that has a history that must go unwritten; it was built before New York was; a little story and a half house that has stone walls thicker than the seven storied buildings of the city—a house that has a hall as wide as some rooms in a New York mansion, and rooms that are quaintly interesting, with low ceils and curious doors and windows. The genial occupant and owner has a pleasant word for his visitors, and his “gude wife” a kindly smile of welcome, which may be accompanied by some lilies or roses, or perchance some cherries or strawberries, if you are there when they are ripe. It takes one back to the good old times to sit “on the front porch” or in the grateful shade of the trees, and look out upon the waters. There is in that old house the forgetting of many cares that may be left behind if you will.

Two more stops, one at Pleasant Plains and the other at Richmond Valley, and the journey brings us to the end of the Island, and as the train leaves the latter station



GRECIAN BEND.

the road comes near the Arthur Kill, and the North Shore is to be seen from the windows on the right-hand side of the train as it comes quickly to

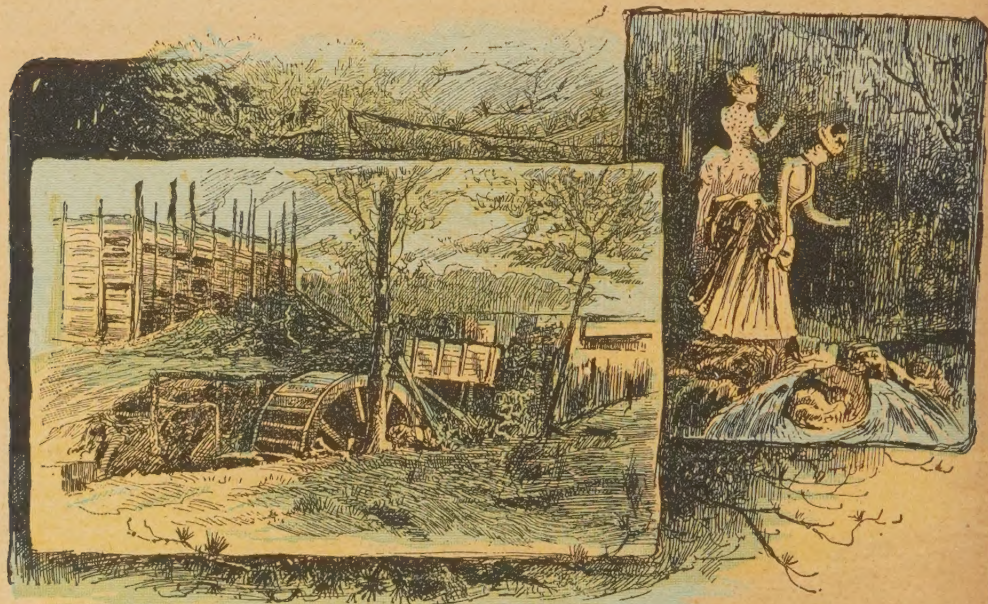
TOTTENVILLE,

and if no stops have been made, the journey from New York has been made in seventy minutes. This is rapid transit indeed, when the old way is compared, when the best boats took four to five hours. The station is within a short block of the ferry to Perth Amboy, and the steamer “Maid of Perth,” connecting with all trains, makes the voyage to Jersey a short one. Tottenville is a pretty town, whose contented citizens seem at peace with all the world, and when all the world knows their occu-

pation, it must be at peace with all Tottenville. Nobody can have anything against an oysterman, and most all in Tottenville are oystermen, and while the results of their catches have made other people happy, they have made themselves so. Their pretty homes attest this, and their white hulled barks on the shore tell how the business is done. Tottenville has an

HISTORICAL TREASURE

in the old Billopp House, called by the natives "the stone house." It is located in a



THE OLD MILL, CLOVE LAKE.

grove of spreading elms on the very tip end of Staten Island, overlooking Raritan Bay. The house was built by Christopher Billopp *two hundred and twenty years ago* and for a hundred years was the family homestead, being occupied by the *tor* Colonel Christopher Billopp during the Revolutionary war, and here he was arrested by some patriots and cast into a Jersey jail.

In this house Gen. Howe met the Congressional Committee, composed of Benjamin Franklin, John Adams and Edward Rutledge, to discuss a treaty of peace, just after the battle of Long Island. The parley was without result and the committee returned to Congress. For a long time the house was used by the British, either as a barracks or headquarters. The walls are of stone and very thick, and would afford ample protection against the guns of that day.

The house is in an excellent state of preservation, and the walls and heavy heavy timbers seem as solid as when they were placed. An arched vault is under the house extending its whole length, which might have served as dungeon or wine cellars. The sleepers overhead on which the floor is laid are heavy enough for a railroad bridge—they built houses in those days to stay.

In a corner of the field back of the house are buried some of the Billopp family; there are two brown slabs lying on the graves; the inscription on one is gone entirely.

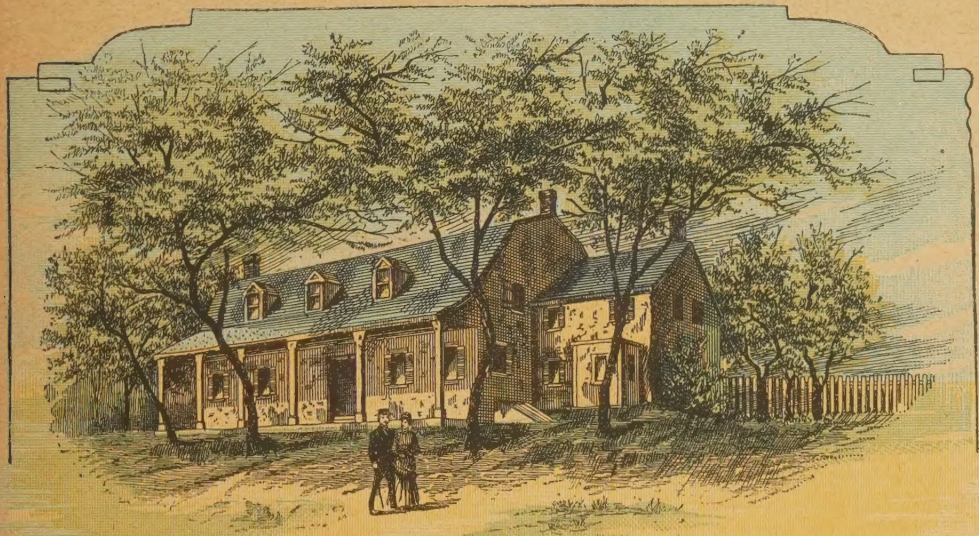
the other is well preserved. It reads : "Here Lyes ye Body of Thomas Billopp, Esqr., ye Son of Thomas Farmer, Esqr., Decd. August ye 2d, 1750, in ye 39 year of his age." The graves are neglected and uncared for, left without enclosure, to be trodden over by horse or cattle. If for no other reason an enclosure should be put about these relics of our ancient history.

It is a pleasant jaunt from the village to see this old homestead, not a long walk ; but it is pleasant to sit down on the grass and rest under the great spreading trees, look out upon the peaceful waters, let one's thoughts wander back through the ages and dream of people who have come and gone under this ancient roof-tree, of the hopes and fears in the troublous times of war, and the joys of peace. It is a pleasant jaunt and well worth the while of the journey. Anyone will tell you the way to the old stone house. Coming out of the Rapid Transit Station turn to the left, walk to the end of the main street to the brick church in the grove, turn to the right and come to a turnstile ; then take the path across the field, pass through a little lane and come to the Billopp House after a fifteen-minute easy walk—a most pleasant one, with an ending that is intensely interesting.

Tottenville is only an hour from New York—an hour of pleasant journey, whose returning half is as pleasant, as every scene will bear an encore.

THE WEST SHORE

is not reached by rail ; it must be by boat from Erastina or Tottenville, or by stage



OLD MORAVIAN CHURCH, NEW DORP.

from Port Richmond or Huguenot. Linoleumville is near the site of the old Blazing Star Ferry, which was on the stage route between New York and Philadelphia, and it occurs to the mind right here, that if this was a good route for a stage coach, why not for a railroad. Hence its adoption by the great Baltimore and Ohio. To effect an entrance to the metropolis it takes the route of the first highway thereto. Kreischerville is reached by stage from Richmond Valley. Around about these towns on



MAP OF STATEN ISLAND

AND THE STATEN ISLAND RAPID TRANSIT RAILROAD, STATEN ISLAND FERRY AND BAY RIDGE FERRY.